THE ALL-ACTION COMIC • LET THE GALAXY BURN!

WARHAMMER MONTHLY

Ulli & Marquand... Welcome to hell!

#40

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Talent. Everybody's got at least one. Some people can sing, some people are good at sports. The best part about working for the Black Library is the amount of gifted people we get to work with on a daily basis. Seriously, it's only down to people like Gordon Rennie, Dan Abnett, Wayne Reynolds, Colin MacNeill, Kev Hopgood, Anthony Williams, Paul Jeacock and the hordes of other talented writers and artists that Warhammer Monthly is the success it is. In this very issue we welcome aboard Joe and Rob Sharp, two talented brothers from Australia, who we've grappled away from the world of wrestling comics. And in the coming months we have a lot of new talent gracing the pages not only of Warhammer Monthly but of our sister publication, Inferno! So come on, if there's anybody out there who thinks 'Hey, I can do that!' then what are you waiting for? Get scribbling and who knows, maybe the next time we do an editorial on our talented creatives, your name might be there too.

CHRISTIAN DUNN

DAEMONIFUGE

On the the shrine world of Gathalamor, Sister of Battle Ephrael Stern flees the wrath of the Ordo Malleus.

HELLBRANDT GRIMM

Hellbrandt follows the trail of an insane heretic – into the orc-infested Badlands!

MORDHEIM

Lies, treachery and violence with everyone's favourite cut-throats, Ulli and Marquand!

INQUISITOR

Gravier continues his search for Defay in the lawless, Chaos-riddled underhives of an ancient world.

DISPATCHES:

Further to our item on Titan Book III last issue, we've just taken delivery of Mark Harrison's awesome Titan cover for issue 42. While putting it together, Mark built an incredibly detailed 3D computer model of a Warlord Titan which he then used as the centre piece of the finished artwork. Look out for a feature on how Mark created his stunning cover in a forthcoming issue, but to whet your appetite, here's a sneak peek of the mighty Imperius Dictatio!

The last time we saw Gottheb the Flayer in these pages, Marquand had just removed his face, leaving him requiring a quick repair job from one of his minions. Needless to say Gottheb was a bit ticked off so don't be surprised to see him make a return sometime soon.

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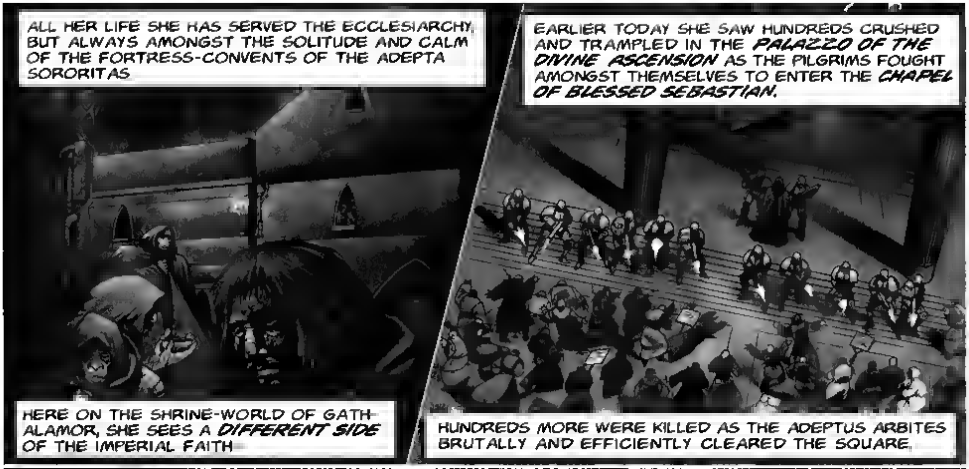
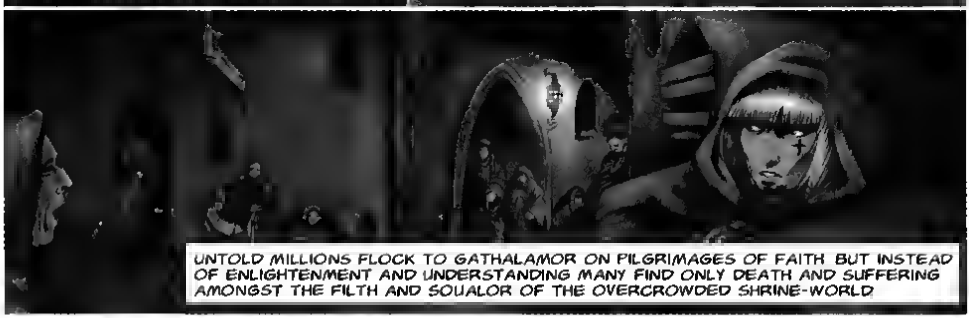
I HAVE MADE MY PEACE WITH THE EMPEROR... I HAVE NOTHING LEFT TO FEAR...
DAEMONIFUGE
THE LORD of DAMNATION
MASTER, YOU MUST REST...
FOOL. YOU THINK I DON'T KNOW I'M DYING?
CHAPTER SIX
IT IS ONLY BY THE EMPEROR'S GRACE THAT I STILL LIVE, AND I ONLY STILL LIVE SO THAT I CAN PASS ON HIS JUDGEMENT TO YOU.
I SPEAK OF THE RENEGADE, THE HERETIC
I SPEAK OF THE WITCH-THING, EPHRAEL STERN

Script: Gordon Rennie ♣ Art: Karl Richardson

SHE IS AN ABOMINATION, AN UNHOLY CREATURE OF THE MALEFIC POWERS.
SHE IS HERESY MADE FLESH, AN AFFRONT TO THE DIVINE WILL OF THE MASTER OF MANKIND.
DO NOT PITY HER. DO NOT TRY TO UNDERSTAND HER. DO NOT CAPTURE HER IN ORDER TO STUDY OR INTERROGATE HER.
SEEK ONLY TO DESTROY HER, FOR SHE IS A LIVING BLASPHEMY, AND SHE MUST BE ROOTED OUT WITHOUT MERCY.
I - I HAVE SEEN TERRIBLE THINGS OF WHAT MAY YET COME TO PASS...
THE FEET OF THE HERETIC DEFILE THE SACRED GROUND OF THE IMPERIAL PALACE... THE EYES OF THE ALIEN ABOMINATOR GAZE UPON THE FORBIDDEN FACE OF HE WHO SITS UPON THE GOLDEN THRONE...
I HAVE SEEN THE UNTHINKABLE, AND IT MUST NOT COME TO PASS. WITH MY DYING BREATH, I COMMAND YOU THIS-
'HUNT DOWN THE ABOMINATION THAT CALLS ITSELF EPHRAEL STERN. NO BLOODY DEED SHALL CAN BE TOO EXTREME. NO ATROCITY CAN BE TOO UNJUSTIFIED IN THE COMMISSION OF THIS SACRED TASK.'
'FIND HER, MY BROTHERS. IT IS THE EMPEROR HIMSELF WHO WILLS HER DESTRUCTION.'
RENEGADE. HERETIC. OUTCAST. THESE WORDS ECHO IN HER MIND.


ALL HER LIFE SHE HAS SERVED THE ECCLESIARCHY, BUT ALWAYS AMONGST THE SOLITUDE AND CALM OF THE FORTRESS-CONVENTS OF THE ADEPTA SORORITAS.
HERE ON THE SHRINE-WORLD OF GATHALAMOR, SHE SEES A *DIFFERENT SIDE* OF THE IMPERIAL FAITH.
EARLIER TODAY SHE SAW HUNDREDS CRUSHED AND TRAMPLED IN THE *PALAZZO OF THE DIVINE ASCENSION* AS THE PILGRIMS FOUGHT AMONGST THEMSELVES TO ENTER THE *CHAPEL OF BLESSED SEBASTIAN.*
HUNDREDS MORE WERE KILLED AS THE ADEPTUS ARBITES BRUTALLY AND EFFICIENTLY CLEARED THE SQUARE.


UNTOLD MILLIONS FLOCK TO GATHALAMOR ON PILGRIMAGES OF FAITH BUT INSTEAD OF ENLIGHTENMENT AND UNDERSTANDING MANY FIND ONLY DEATH AND SUFFERING AMONGST THE FILTH AND SQUALOR OF THE OVERCROWDED SHRINE-WORLD

EVEN HERE, THE PREDATORS ARE NEVER FAR AWAY

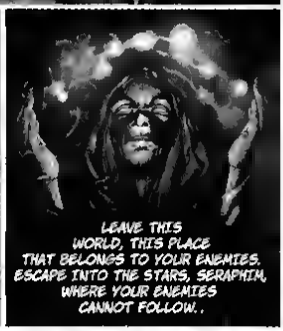
A GATHALAMOR STREET GANG. LOOKING FOR EASY PICKINGS.
KUNCH
TONIGHT THEY'VE PICKED THE WRONG VICTIM.
AS A SISTER OF BATTLE SHE KNOWS HOW TO MAKE THE BEST USE OF ANY WEAPON AT HER DISPOSAL...
FAST AND SILENT, THEY KNOW THAT GUNFIRE WILL BRING THE ADEPTUS ARBITES PATROLS DOWN ON THEM.
CHKKK
SO DOES SHE.
...INCLUDING PERHAPS THE MOST POTENT WEAPON OF ALL.
RUN.
RUN NOW.
FEAR.
SERAPHIM! QUICKLY! THIS WAY, BEFORE THE PATROLS COME!
WHO ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?
TO FRIENDS.
TO ONES LIKE YOU...

'OTHER OUTCASTS.'
EPHRAEL KNOWS WHAT THESE PEOPLE ARE MEMBERS OF JUST ONE OF THE NUMBERLESS SUB CULTS AND SECTS ATTACHED TO THE WORSHIP OF THE EMPEROR
THE ECCLESIARCH FROWNS UPON SUCH CULTS, OFTEN DEEMING THEIR BELIEFS TO BE TOO FAR FROM THE DOCTRINES OF THE IMPERIAL FAITH AND CONDEMNING THEM AS HERETICS

EPHRAEL DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THAT ALL SHE KNOWS IS THAT THEY OFFERED HER SOMETHING SHE NEEDS...

...A PLACE OF SAFETY AWAY FROM HER ENEMIES

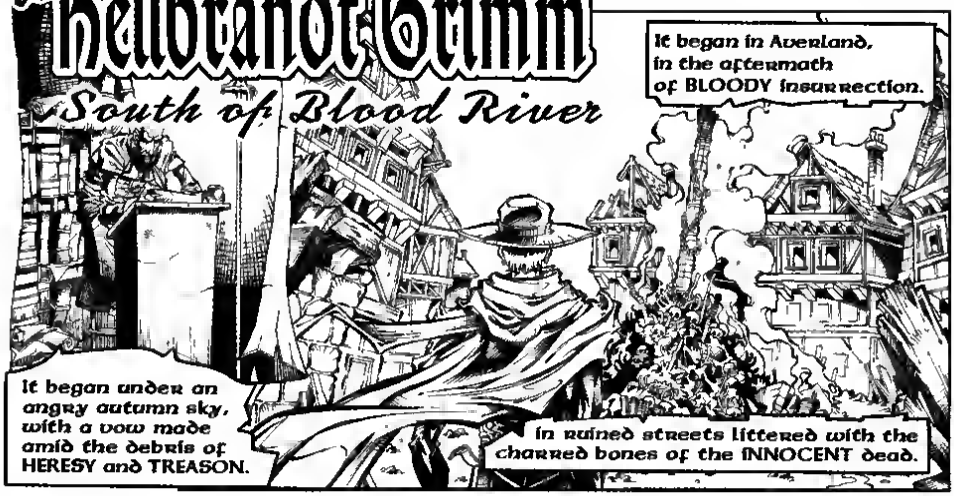
I HAVE SEEN YOU IN MY DREAMS, SERAPHIM. THE EMPEROR HAS GUIDED YOU HERE, SO THAT YOU MAY KNOW WHAT HAS BEEN ORDAINED
LISTEN NOW TO THE WORDS OF THE FATHER-

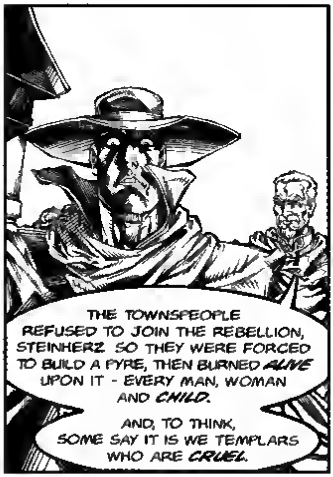

LEAVE THIS WORLD, THIS PLACE THAT BELONGS TO YOUR ENEMIES. ESCAPE INTO THE STARS, SERAPHIM, WHERE YOUR ENEMIES CANNOT FOLLOW..

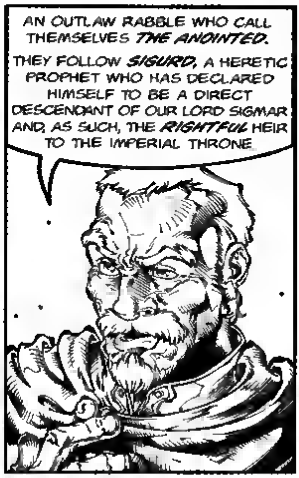
FIND THE SECRET PATHS BETWEEN WORLDS BEWARE THE DARK ONES THAT MAKE THEIR LAIR THERE
SEEK OUT THE PARIAH, THE WEEPING ONE. HE WILL GUIDE YOU TO YOUR DESTINY, EMPEROR'S CHILD
THE ECCLESIARCHY PREACHES THAT THE EMPEROR ONLY SPEAKS THROUGH HIS APPOINTED SERVANTS. OTHERS - FALSE PROPHETS AND HERETIC PSYKERS - REPEAT ONLY BLASPHEMOUS LIES THAT THE DAEMONS OF THE WARP WHISPER INTO THEIR MINDS.
SO WHERE DOES THIS MESSAGE TO HER COME FROM, EPHRAEL WONDERS?
WHO SPEAKS TO HER NOW? IS IT THE DAEMONIC OR THE DIVINE?
WHICH –
KOOM!
SO, ANOTHER HERETIC NEST
IN THE EMPEROR'S NAME PURIFY THEM
TO BE CONTINUED...

Tales of Helbrandt Grimm

South of Blood River


It began in Averland, in the aftermath of BLOODY insurrection.
It began under an angry autumn sky, with a vow made amid the debris of HERESY and TREASON.
In ruined streets littered with the charred bones of the INNOCENT dead.


THE TOWNSPEOPLE REFUSED TO JOIN THE REBELLION, STEINHERZ. SO THEY WERE FORCED TO BUILD A PYRE, THEN BURNED *ALIVE* UPON IT - EVERY MAN, WOMAN AND *CHILD*.
AND, TO THINK, SOME SAY IT IS WE TEMPLARS WHO ARE *CRUEL*.


AN OUTLAW RABBLE WHO CALL THEMSELVES *THE ANOINTED*.
THEY FOLLOW *SIGURD*, A HERETIC PROPHET WHO HAS DECLARED HIMSELF TO BE A DIRECT DESCENDANT OF OUR LORD SIGMAR AND, AS SUCH, THE *RIGHTFUL* HEIR TO THE IMPERIAL THRONE

A MADMAN!
TRUE, BUT *DANGEROUS* ALL THE SAME WE WOULD BE FAILING IN OUR *DUTY*, GOTTFRIED, IF WE ALLOWED SUCH HERESY TO GO *UNPUNISHED*.
FEAR NOT, GRANDMASTER.
THIS SIGURD WILL PAY FOR HIS *CRIMES* - EVEN IF I MUST FOLLOW HIM TO THE GATES OF HELL *ITSELF*

Script *Mitchel Scanlon* • Art *The Sharp Brothers* • Letters *Fiona Stephenson*

As far my quarry, it soon become apparent that Sigurd had fled SOUTH, in the company of those among his disciples who had survived the recapture of the town by Imperial troops.
I was YOUNGER then, of course, and made my vow with little regard for the dangers ahead.
I tracked their path. More than once passing burnt-out shacks where the heretics had vented their frustration at the failure of the common folk to join their INSANE crusade.
Bypassing the well-guarded approaches to Black Fire Pass, Sigurd and His band kept going south.
And, though at times it seemed as if the very heavens were AGAINST me, I followed...
...on through the tortuous, treacherous trails of the BLACK MOUNTAINS where, but for Sigmar's grace, one uncertain step could have meant my doom.
All the same, I might have LOST them then, were it not for the macabre markers SIGNPOSTING their trail--

It was sometime later, in the northern reaches of the land of the Barden Princes, that my pursuit of the heretics took an UNEXPECTED turn.
As I found my path barred by a man whose every feature seemed carved with COLD menace and CRUEL threat.
I AM GOTTFRIED, TEMPLAR OF SIGMAR! STAND ASIDE, BANDIT, OR BE SHOT DOWN!
The man called HELLBRANDT GRIMM.
CALM YOURSELF, WITCH-HUNTER
IF YOU ARE TRACKING SIGURD THE HERETIC, YOU MAY BE INTERESTED IN HEARING WHAT I HAVE TO SAY.
THE AFFAIRS OF THE SONS OF SIGMAR ARE NO CONCERN OF YOURS, SCUM. NOW, STAND ASIDE, UNLESS YOU WANT TO CHANCE MY MARKSMANSHIP.
SHHUHHTHH
COULD BE I'LL TAKE THAT CHANCE

AT FIRST, I FEARED THE WORST--
--though I soon learned this man Grimm and I held COMMON cause.
In his rampage across the southern Empire, Sigurd had kidnapped a nobleman's daughter to be his 'QUEEN'.
Her name was Hilde. Her Father had hired Grimm to lead her rescue--
--and to ensure that EACH and EVERY ONE of her kidnappers DIED.
I joined Grimm and his band and, TOGETHER, we began to track the heretics once more.
Days of hard riding followed, and soon the full EXTENT of Sigurd's MADNESS was made PLAIN.
In an attempt to throw off any pursuit, Sigurd had led the anointed into the ONE place no SANE man would go--
--south of Blood River, into the Goblin-and Orc-infested BADLANDS.
Had not Grimm's men feared their own commander more than ANY Greenskin, they would have surely MUTINIED rather than venture within those borders.
But, as it was...
THIS IS FOOLHARDINESS, GRIMM I SAY WE LEAVE THE GIRL TO ROT AND HEAD NORTH WHILE WE STILL CAN.
SHUK

TRICKSS
KUCH
GREAT TAAL!! THE GROUND BENEATH US MOANS AND BLEEDS! IT'S A SIGN FROM THE GODS SAYING GO NO FARTHER!!
IT'S A SIGN, ALRIGHT..
AMBUSH!!
SHHHL!TCHHH
--they did not TROUBLE us UNDULY. But the mercenary was in no mood to SAVOUR our victory.
MOUNT UP!
MAD OR NOT, NO LEADER SACRIFICES SO MANY OF HIS OWN WITHOUT GOOD REASON. SIGURD'S CAMP MUST BE NEARBY.
Were it not for Grimm's SHARP eyes and CUNNING, we might have been overwhelmed. though, in the END--

Grimm was right. By the morning of the next day, from a hillside overlooking the Anointed's camp--
--I found myself gazing down upon the man I had come so far to KILL.
..AND I HEARD A VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS!
The Heretic, SIGURD.
IT CRIED OUT THE HOUR OF JUDGEMENT COMETH, WHEN THE WICKED MUST BE CLEANSED BY FIRE AND BY BLOOD, TO MAKE WAY FOR THE EMPIRE OF THE RIGHTEOUS!
AND THE VOICE SAID BLESSED BE THOSE WHO HAVE REJECTED THE FALSE KING, THE USURPER, KARL FRANZ!
BLESSED BE SIGURD, SON OF SIGMAR! BLESSED BE THE ONE AND TRUE HEIR!
PUT UP YOUR BOW, WITCH-HUNTER. IF YOU KILL SIGURD NOW, HIS FOLLOWERS MAY SLAY THE GIRL.
WHAT OF IT? ANY FOOL CAN SEE SHE HAS BECOME ONE OF THEM
PERHAPS BUT HER FATHER WILL PAY FOR HER RETURN, WHETHER SHE COMES WILLINGLY OR NOT.
COME WE HAVE MUCH TO DO BEFORE SUNSET.

That night, as we crept inside the enemy camp, the value of Grimm's CUNNING was proven once more. For, he had taken steps to ensure our long-overdue MEETING with Sigurd would not be DISTURBED.
Steps including the construction of a huge effigy on the hillside above. An effigy that, once set ALIGHT, was effective beyond all EXPECTATIONS.
SIGMAR! SIGMAR HAS SENT US A SIGN!
THE HOUR OF JUDGEMENT IS AT HA--
While Grimm's men rained fiery RETRIBUTION down upon the assembled heretics--
--I strode forward--
--to confront the Prophet in His LAIR.
SIGURD! FACE ME, HERETIC! FACE ME AND--
--DIE?!
i didn't want to smile but a queen should smile he said specially such a pretty smile so i smiled and smiled and smiled oh yes and he forgot i hated him and left out the knife--
and i took it and stabbed him in his eyes oh yes so now he'll never see my smile again..
GIRL-- HILDE-- YOU HAVE DONE A GREAT SERVICE FOR--

KRAK!
WE'VE NO TIME FOR PLEASANTRIES. YOU CARRY THE GIRL--
--I'LL CUT US A PATH.
Through an encampment transformed into the very HELL its inhabitants so richly DESERVED, we made our ESCAPE.
The morning of the next day found us FAR away. And, though I owed Grimm much, unhappy at his rough manner and his having proven me WRONG so MANY times, I set about EVENING the score.
SO TELL ME, GRIMM--
--WHAT IS THE GOING RATE FOR A HALF-FINISHED JOB? AFTER ALL, NOW THE SURVIVING KIDNAPPERS HAVE SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS YOU WILL HAVE A HARD TIME KILLING THEM ALL.
THE HERETICS ARE DEAD, WITCH-HUNTER, OR AS GOOD AS THAT HILLTOP FIRE LAST NIGHT WILL HAVE BEEN SEEN BY EVERY GREENSKIN FOR MILES
--DINNER!
From THE STEINHERZ TESTAMENT The Unexpurgated Version (Archives of the Order of the Templars of Sigmar, Special Collection)
BUT YOU CANNOT BE CERTAIN--
I CAN GREENSKINS MAY NOT BE MUCH FOR WRITING, BUT THERE ARE SOME SYMBOLS THEY ALL RECOGNISE
LIKE AN OPEN, BURNING MOUTH. IT LOSES SOMETHING IN THE TRANSLATION, BUT THE NEAREST WORD IN HUMAN TONGUE IS--

THE END

Mordheim – City of the Damned

11: The Toll

Script: Gav Thorpe Art: Paul Peacock

I'M NOT SURE COMING THIS FAR IN WAS A GOOD IDEA, MARQUAND.
WHAT'S TO BE SO WORRIED ABOUT?
WELL THERE'S THE CHAOS RATMEN
AND THE CULT OF THE POSSESSED ARE OUT IN FORCE AROUND THESE PARTS...
FOOOOD!
AND LET'S NOT FORGET FLESH-EATING MUTANTS!

FRESH MEAT!
TIME TO BE GOING!
WANT EEEAT!
GYAARGH!
ULRIC'S CURSE ON THOSE COWARDS...
TREACHEROUS CUT-THROATS!

COWARDS, EH? COME ON, ULLI.
THESE ARE DANGEROUS TIMES.
I THOUGHT I'D NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN.
WE WON'T GET BACK ACROSS THE RIVER WITHOUT YOU.
YOU ARE!
YOU REALISED THE WORTH OF MY FIGHTING PROWESS, EH?
STAY HERE, WE'LL GET THIS SORTED OUT.
PAY THEE TOLL
WHAT'S THIS TOLL?
PAY THEE TOLL
END

TOO CONFIDENT. TOO CERTAIN AND TOO CLOSE TO MY TARGET TO BE OBJECTIVE.
BASIC MISTAKES, FOR ANY INQUISITOR. MY MENTOR DEFAY WOULD BE ASHAMED OF ME.
HERE IN THE UNDERHIVES OF THE ANCIENT WORLD PONTIFICATE, HUNTING A LAWLESS PSYKER WHO MIGHT KNOW THE MOVEMENTS OF THE MISSING DEFAY...
...I HAVE BEEN TOO EAGER TO FIND THE TRUTH.
AND I HAVE PAID THE PRICE.
UGHHNN!
HSSSSS!
INQUISITOR
ASCENDANT
BOOK TWO: EPISODE THREE
SCRIPT. DAN ABNETT · ART: SIMON COLEBY · LETTERS FIONA STEPHENSON

GNFFF!
IT LOOKED LIKE DEFAY. I THOUGHT IT WAS HIM.
I... I WANTED IT TO BE HIM.
HSSSSS!
AAAH!
THE BEING THAT DWELLS DOWN HERE SAW THAT NEED IN MY MIND AND MOULDED IT INTO A TRAP.
MY NEW "MASTER", INQUISITOR REIKER... MAKES NO MOVE TO AID ME. HE SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING MY MISTAKE.
I WILL EXTRICATE MYSELF FROM THIS... AS ANY INQUISITOR WOULD... AS DEFAY TAUGHT ME.
MY WEAPON IS ARMED. THAT IS NOT DEFAY.
NOT DEFAY. NOT EVEN IF MY DEEPEST FEARS FOR HIM WERE TRUE.

CHAKOOOM!
G-GOD EMPEROR...
IF YOU'D LISTENED TO ME, GRAVIER, YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN *SPARED* THAT CONFLICT. YES!
YOU KNEW IT WASN'T REALLY DEFAY.
BUT WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE DIFFERENTLY?
I WOULD HAVE RECOGNISED THIS NEST OF VERMIN FOR THE FESTERING WOUND OF CHAOS IT IS.
I WOULD NOT HAVE RUSHED IN HEADLONG.
I WOULD HAVE RISKED NO TOUCH OF THE EVIL TAINT.
I WOULD HAVE CALLED UP THE CITY GUARD WITH THEIR FLAMERS AND *TORCHED* THE ENTIRE PLACE. YES?
YOU WOULD HAVE, HUH?

THEN YOU WOULD HAVE BETRAYED YOUR DUTY AS AN INQUISITOR!
WE'RE HERE TO FIND DEFAY, NOT INCINERATE HIS TRACES!
HAVE A CARE, BOY. I WILL NOT BE LECTURED TO.
USE YOUR EYES, PEIKER! USE YOUR WITS, SLOW AS THEY MAY BE...
...IT KNEW DEFAY WELL ENOUGH TO USE HIS FORM! THAT MEANS HE'S BEEN HERE!
THIS IS A SOLID LEAD TO MY MASTER'S WHEREABOUTS! AND YOU WOULD SIMPLY HAVE TORCHED IT?
AGGGGHH!
HNH. PERHAPS.
YOU MAY BE RIGHT, YES?
BUT YOU WILL NOT SPEAK TO ME THAT WAY.
DEFAY IS NOT YOUR MASTER NOW.
I AM.
YOU WILL SHOW ME RESPECT, YES?

YES?
YES...
NOW WE WILL CONTINUE
DON'T THINK I CAN'T SEE THAT WEAPON, PUPIL. DON'T EVEN CONSIDER USING IT...
...THAT I HAVE THE WIT TO DISOBEY!
FCHOOOM!
PRAISE THE EMPEROR, INQUISITOR...
EH?
I STAND CORRECTED, YES?
YOU ARE QUITE ABLE IN SOME WAYS, GRAVIER.
SAVE IT.

SOME KIND OF MUTUAL RESPECT IS ESTABLISHED.
I DETEST THIS REIKER, BUT THE FEELING IS *RETURNED*. NOW WE KNOW THE MEASURE OF EACH OTHER.
HE ALLOWS ME TO RAID THE PSYKER'S DATA-COIL. I HUNT FOR TRACES OF DEFAY.
THERE. THE NAME VENGIST. IT WAS DEFAY'S MATERNAL SURNAME.
DEFAY CAME HERE, HOPING THE PSYKER COULD PROVIDE HIM WITH A NEW IDENTITY AND GET HIM OFF THIS WORLD.
YOUR EYES ARE SHARP.
OUR TARGET HAD EXTENSIVE DEALINGS WITH THIS VENGIST.
HE ARRANGED A FALSE PERMIT, CUSTOMS PAPERS, A NEW IDENTITY, EVEN A BLACK MARKET FACE-CHANGE.
VENGIST PAID HIM A *KING'S RANSOM* TO MAKE HIM DISAPPEAR!

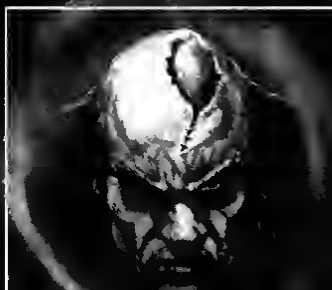
AND THIS DOCKET, FOR AN OFF-WORLD TRANSFER
THE CUSTOMER WAS HEADING FOR SEPULCHRIS.
SEPULCHRIS? THE RUIN-WORLD?
WHERE BETTER TO GO IF YOU ARE AN IMPERIAL FUGITIVE IN SEARCH OF CONTRABAND WEAPONS TO PROTECT YOURSELF, YES?
SO WE GO TO SEPULCHRIS.
INDEED. AND NOW MAY I SUMMON THE CITY GUARD TO TORCH THIS PLACE?
DON'T BOTHER...
...I'LL DO IT MYSELF.
FLAMES ENGULF THE DEN AS PAIN ENGULFS MY HEART.
DEFAY IS OUT THERE. AND HE'S INNOCENT.
I KNOW IT.
NEXT: SEPULCHRIS

NEW FROM THE BLACK LIBRARY

The high elf Gilead, last of the line of Tor Anrok, has been one of our most popular Inferno! characters. In *Gilead's Blood* Dan 'Darkblade' Abnett has related the entire tale of the doom-laden elf and his quest for vengeance against those who killed his twin brother. It's a saga of terrifying conflict and personal desolation and definitely not to be missed if you're a fan of Dan Abnett or dark fantasy in general.

Also upcoming, Inferno! #23 is hot off the presses and should be available as you read this. Inside Gav Thorpe, having just finished the Dwarf army book, brings us the struggle of a dishonoured dwarf's return to the infested halls of his home to discover the truth of his family's disgrace. And there's brutal Necromunda action as the bounty hunter Nathan Creed takes on a fearsome green-skinned monster – nothing less than a fearsome ork! Also, for everyone who read and loved Warhammer Monthly's Dwarflords, writer and artist Paul Davidson has produced some heart-poundingly good art for the latest Tale of the Ten-Tailed Cat. Just pick up the issue and you'll understand what we're talking about!

Available from your local Games Workshop store



INCOMING

✦

✦✦ Ow do, lads. You'd better pray to whatever sick, twisted Gods you worship that you keep the standard of Warhammer Monthly up. This is one publication that is filled with the best talent, with intriguing stories, excellent artwork and interesting articles that's been consistent since I picked up issue zero. It's not a simple knock-it-out-'cause-the-fans-will-like-it-mag and makes a strong case as a serious publication for the comic-reading masses. I've been told 'oh, it only appeals to the more action-orientated reader', but, hey – it's a comic based on a warg, me! Duh! If truth be known, I don't collect anything else to do with Warhammer. I don't play the game anymore, have ever collected the figures or even read the books. I know the history (I still have the original rulebooks) and understand the mentality behind it all and that's why I enjoy the mag. So even an outsider can enjoy!

So, make that sacrifice and appease the Gods of Great Comics. Don't let us down.

✦ Jonathan Hicks, Lichfield

✦

✦✦ Pah! Don't think your pathetic grovelling will earn you any favour with me, slime!

✦

✦✦ Ahhhhhh Baneblade, you despicable human, I hope you and that sniveling Gutspew escape from the warp soon and come to my Keep here in Oz so that you can feel my SoulRender sword pass through your worthless carcasses and become one of my undead host. It won't be long now and I will have enough minions to conquer Oz and then the world will tremble in terror as I march on to rule this world. I will make you, Baneblade, my personal slave and Gutspew, for your devotion to Chaos you will be just another Zombie in my army. Just a quick note to say that I love WHM and I haven't missed a copy yet. I would like to see some strips about the Undead and other fell forces winning some battles in your pages. The good guys winning all the time gets just a little monotonous.

✦ Rod Jared – via email

✦

✦✦ By Khorne! Monotonous! You'll find the repeated hammering of my fist on your head a lot more monotonous – you zombie loving freak!

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